

Choice Poetry.

THE SLAVE MARTYR.

BY MISS E. W. BROWN.

(During the siege of Washington, N. C., a flat full of soldiers, with a few negroes, got aground under a pilot boat. A heroic African said: "I don't want to get off, but I want to get out of this, and it may as well be me." He then deliberately got out and pushed the boat off, and fell into the sea, pierced by five bullets.)

The surf with rattling bills,
Was cheered and splashed around;
I heard my comrades' hurried calls,
"The rebel gun have found us."

Our vessel shivered; for beneath,
The treacherous sand had caught her;
What man will leap to instant death,
To shove her into water?

Strange light shone in our hero's eyes;
His voice was strong and steady;
"My brethren, one of us must die,
And I, thank God, am ready!"

A shell flew toward us, hissing late,
He calmly faced the awful fate,
Resolved to die a free man!

He fell, his heart cut through with shot;
The true blood of that martyr,
Came from his body spouting hot,
To feed the flames of battle.

We lifted up the brave man's corpse;
We thought him fallen in vain;
The rebel bullets round us hoarse,
We heard, but did not fail.

"Tis over, on a great dead weight,
The dead fall that moment,
As if to save the land from thought,
From any human combat."

Heroes are dead now by that fact;
Fame haunts our grave-yard, sighing:
"Alas! that man's divine act,
Should be the act of dying."

Miscellaneous.

(From the Toledo Blade.)

NABBY.

Mr. Nabby Details His Adventures in a Strong Democratic County in Southern Ohio—The Suffrage Question in that Part of the Democratic Heritage.

POST OFFICE, CONFIDENTIAL X. ROAD,
(which is in the State of Kentucky.)
September 20, 1867.

Last week I was invited to go into Ohio, to assist my brethren in that State. The Missionaries of the Democratic Party, who were here, were very kind and helpful. I was very much interested in the work, and was very much pleased to see the progress of the cause. I was very much interested in the work, and was very much pleased to see the progress of the cause. I was very much interested in the work, and was very much pleased to see the progress of the cause.

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"For for Kentucky!"
Bowin, Bigler persisted. There was a lark in his eye, which afflicted me. "If I understand the speaker, he holds that the nigger, if permitted to vote, becomes so much our nigger that we must take him to our buzzards—that we must marry the females, and our gushen daughters forthwith to themselves to the males of that accursed race. Is it so?"

"It is!" retorted I.
"My blood boils when I think of it. I recall arite, the laws of Ohio permit all niggers to vote who are only half black. Is there a good many mulattoes in this region, the product of the loose equality of the races over the river, their most heinous, ever since that law passed, much to that kind of marriage here. May I be permitted to ask this unnatural state of affairs, how they feel it? Is your wife a nigger, sir?"

eyes, to rouse the people again the dangers which threaten em. "Think," said he, "of the hundreds of thousands of millions, which we, the people, are forced to pay in taxes to the general government, and rouse em to the necessity of acknowledging it!"

"I will," said I. "I will. State to me the amount of taxes paid the tyrannical government in this African spot, that I may have the data from which to speak."

"Taxes!" returned this patriot, with a amazed look onto his countenance; "taxes! We don't pay any taxes here. The assessor came here two years ago, and finding nothing to assess, he considered it worth while to come since. But, good Lord, our hearts bleed for those unfortunate victims of an abominable policy, which heathen, and is forced to pay onto it! The people are being ground into dust by taxes!"

And the old man wept bitter tears at the miseries of the situation of the people. What technique benevolence! On the question of nigger equality, I found em at a most delightful heat. They had seen at the terror of it, and know I whereof they spoke. Niggers had come from Kentucky across the river to em, and instead of accepting their normal spear, and yielding quietly to the irresistible decrees of Heaven, which made em the inferiors of the whites, they had, the moment they accumulated within to live on, assumed the airs of equality. They refused to keep their places. The cheerman remarked, as showing the stubbornness of the race, that one of em lived some months next to him. He (the cheerman) had been a nigger, and on one occasion, nine dollars of the miserable rags which we are, by a tyrannical government, to accept of money. That nigger had the supreme impudence to insist on being paid for em, and even talked of suing for it. But on consulting a lawyer he didn't, owing to the uncertainty of who would have to pay the costs. Another instance. A nigger, which was nearly white, settled in the vicinity. He had not only a daughter, but a farm. My son, Labor he despises, as a occupation only fit for serfs. He proposed to woo this nigger's daughter. It was a struggle with me. My son married a female with the accursed blood of Ham in her veins! But Jimmel, my son, sir, threw dirt in my eyes. About sixty years of dirt. I thought of the pleasant time I could have a living on that farm—of the days devoted to labor and the evenings filled with ease, and after a severe ethnological struggle with my feelings, I consented. I wanted to take her to my nigger. Pittin him as a inferior being—loaded in his abnormal condition with responsibilities which he could not be expected to discharge, I would have taken charge of his affairs. I would—my son Jimmel, and I—he managed his farm and his stock and such. Alas! Jimmel mentioned the matter to the Ethiopian, sir, and with what result? He was ignominiously kicked out of the house, sir. He was d—d, sir, for a drunken broat, by a nigger, which threatened if he ever showed his pimple—pimpled wuz the word—face about there again, he'd break every bone in his body. Sir, this is becoming insupportable. They must be dragged down to our level. My proud Caucasian blood revolts. Their must be a inferior race, and its us or the nigger. The Injun is out of the question, as they ain't any of them here to be inferior. I wouldn't mind the Injun, but their ain't none. Is the nigger or nothin'. Give him the ballot, sir, and what'll distinguish us? Speak with an angel's tongue onto this theme, I beg."

The meeting was a glorious one, and my speech one of my most moving efforts. My peroration moved me to tears. It was on nigger suffrage. Depicting its untold horrors, I begged em to organize—to rally round me again this common enemy. "There is," said I, "seven thousand nigger males in the State of Ohio. Shall we permit them to approach the ark of our safety—the ballot box? Shall we raise em to the point of being our equals? Shall we marry em and give em in marriage? Shall we contaminate the pure stream of Anglo Saxon blood, by muddling it with the turbid stream of—"

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se, don't you feel the banishment position your in, compelled, as you was, by the sovain contempt for appearance. He begged me, with tears streaming down his

marry her, to take her to your buzzard, the mini her father got a vote? It's enough to drive a man into abhism to escape it. My brethren," said this Bigler, "I'd advise you all to abhor Dimokriy. Up North, the mini the nigger gets a vote, you are forced to legal messengeshun—down in the South, the affinity Dimokriy bez for niggers, bez bleached out the race to the color of molasses. There's no hope for you, save in Abhism, which bez the happy fakulty av doin justice to em without marryin em!" And he stalkt out.

It didn't make no difference. They didn't know what he was talkin about. The word "messengeshun" struck em with amazement, from which they didn't recover till we left. In speakin to such audiences, men must be keeful of the words they yoose.

I finish my speech. The meetin then resolved they was better than niggers; that they never would consent to be taxed for the benefit of a race of inferior beings; that the bonds should be taken up with greenback; that there should be a return to specie payment to stand; and that they were willing to give millions, if need be, to resist such a measure, but not one cent in taxes in a unconstitutional manner.

This resolution was passed, when a candleman wuz taken up to pay for the candles. But alas! There wuz't nary cent in the house, and I had to pay for em myself. Another little incident didn't please me. The State Central Committee had furnished me, as it does all its speakers, with a twenty dollar gold piece, and a fifty dollar bond, which I wuz to exhibit, to show the difference between Abhism and Dimokriatic money. I showed em at the people, and it excited em to madnia. I laid em on the table afore me. When the meetin wuz adjourned, they wuz gone! Who took em? I know not; but this I do know, that the Cheerman av the meetin hed, next mornin, a new pair of shoes and hat, and wuz a talkin doubtfully av the propriety of tax in bonds. I go from here to Pennsylvania, to fill some appointments in that State.

A Western correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial tells the following story: "Indians had planted, weeded and carefully tended upward of a thousand acres of corn. During the entire spring and summer—from the time the tiny seed had been buried in the earth till it burst and shot forth in green leaves—ill the thousand acres were green with waving tassels and lofty spikes—till the stalks were heavy with golden fruit—ill then the squaws watched it and talked over it, dreaming in their own savage way of the comfort and support it was to be to them in the winter. Last week the armies of grasshoppers, like a pestilence, landed in the country, and flying over the river in squads and legions, looking like vast clouds of dust against the horizon, now a dark spot against the clear, blue ether, now visible a few above the earth—a vast buzzing, chirping, moving mass, bearing death in their touch, and starvation, suffering and want in their wake—came upon the carefully watched corn of the Yanktonians. In a single night it disappeared. The tall, straight stalks were bowed down; the leaves, eaten through, wilted and died; and kernels, half ripe, were sucked of their strength; the whole field was destroyed. Touching enough to move the heart of the most stoical was the sight on the morrow. Up and down the furrows all over the field ran the squaws and children, wailing and crying piteously. They ran to the stalks and bent them over, examining them mournfully; they tore away the husks, and looked upon the eaten kernels and naked cobs with a strange look of savage despair. Starvation seemed written on all their faces, as with sad and dismal wails and howls they came out of the field and looked upon their little papoose, who in sleeping innocence they had left, some hung in blankets to the fences and trees, and others playing on the green sword. "Must die, we must starve—our children must die, we must starve, starve," so utterly helpless did they seem—so savorily hopeless. The men wrapped their blankets around themselves, and when the squaws told them the news they said nothing, did nothing to indicate that any great emotion was stirring within them, but their countenances looked so woe-begone, so heart-rendingly sad, that if we were introduced to a legion of people doomed to be damned, they could not look more sad than these poor Yanktonians.

The Oldest Locomotive.—The American Artisan says: Maine claims to possess the oldest locomotive in America. It was broken up a few days ago at Bangor. It was called the "Pioneer," was built by Stephenson, at Newcastle upon Tyne, in 1835, and made its first trip November 6, of the same year. Its last was made one day last month.

Hindman is one of the foremost men of the South in reconstruction, and is one of the latest. "He is written: 'The first shall be last, and the last first.'"

"Who is this 'Salm-Salm'?" asked Mr. Seward, when he first heard the name. "I suppose he comes from Sing-Sing," was the reply.

A praying machine is on exhibition at Paris, warranted to say a hundred and twenty Buddhist prayers a day without getting out of order.

TRANSFORMATION.

BY JOHN J. PIATT.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., DECEMBER 2, 1866.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 2, 1866.

(It was a coincidence, to which my attention was called by a brother of John Brown, at the time, in Washington, when Charles's statue of Freedom, the work of putting which in bronze was executed by angels who were, or had been, slaves in the employ of Clark Mills) was related to its position on the dome of the National Capitol, on the anniversary of the execution at Charlestown, four years previous, and at the same hour of the day.)

Four years ago, the Savior of the Slave
Took in his strong, brave arms a negro child—
Eve from the gallows to the martyr's grave
He passed—with manly blessing, deep and mild.

O, Land, however strong, too weak to do
Such office then! Like Christopher of old,
In that poor child the lifted Christ he knew,
The great bond-breaker in his human blood.

O, hallowed Nation! To thy proudest place
Thou liftest yonder statue of Freedom now,
Where nothing shall be left to see her face,
And Eve to bless with dew her sacred brow!

But he who seeks the soul within the form
Is that bright shape, shall one another sight:
A gray old man, befitting in calm repose,
The unfettered child forever in the light!

A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

A Man Dies from a Rattlesnake Bite—He Eats Part of the Reptile to Save His Life—Horrible Scene.

A great excitement has been created by the appearance of a snake charmer with a tame rattlesnake in his hand. He walked deliberately into the parlor one day after dinner, flourishing the reptile around, and finally placed him on the ground, to the great annoyance of many people, who left the room. The fangs of the snake had been extracted, but that made the sight of him none the less shocking to some. There is no beauty in a rattlesnake, neither of form or color. His fat, queer shaped head is positively repulsive, and countrymen, no matter how much they fancy them as pets, should not be allowed to shock the sensibilities of more nervous natures. While this man was here a circus company arrived, to the members of which he exhibited his snake. To one of them, whose business it was to feed the snakes, he offered this one for three dollars. But the man, who was said to be an Arab, and whose style of dress, dark complexion, and little figure, gave some reason for the belief, refused the offer, and considering himself versed in the ways of snake life, determined to tame one for himself. So he purchased one from a boy, and commenced to experiment upon it. For a while he got on very well, but the vicious reptile, like the deaf adder, was deaf to the voice of the charmer, charmed he never so wisely, and when the man least suspected it, and while he held the snake in his hand, looking steadily at it, it darted out its fangs, struck him twice on the right hand, twice on the left, and once on the lower lip.

The man immediately called for whiskey, and drank nearly a quart. But in four hours the limbs began to swell frightfully, and the pain to become agonizing. A doctor was sent for, but before he came the man called eagerly for the snake. As it was brought to him, he seized upon it with mortal ardor, caught it by the back of the neck with his teeth, shook it as a dog would shake a rat, then bit off its head, spit it upon the floor, and finally ate and swallowed about four inches of the snake's body. Whether his idea was to cure like by like; whether he was only carrying out the superstitions of his people; whether he was simply delirious, or whether his nature had become so thoroughly impregnated with snake nature, that he was merely satisfying snake vengeance, it is impossible now to say. He certainly flung himself upon the ground as soon as he had finished devouring snake flesh, and writhed and wriggled under the floor, unaided by arms and legs, after the manner of a crawling reptile. One was incessantly reminded of the wild and curious story of Holmes, in which the snake influence is made to control and finally destroy the life of Elsie Venner. The poor fellow could never tell his experience. He was drenched with whiskey, but too late; he died in twenty-four hours. During his last hours he called wildly on any number of Spanish saints, and it was evident that, though Arab by profession, the poor fellow was Mexican by birth.

His untimely end came to have moved nobody. On the same day three little negro boys discovered a rattlesnake in the road. One lifted its head with a stick, while another made a slip knot of his neck-tie, and fastened it to a long stick, slipped it over the snake's head, or "dollar," as they say here, as they would a fish with a horse hair noose. They afterward brought their captive to the spring, where they were in a high state of excitement and glee. The snake rattled away freely, and darted out its venomous fangs viciously, but they held him tight and refused to kill him. He was too precious—a knowing old negro remarked. "Why, dem 'ere boys tink more of dat ting den dey does of a two dollar and a half gold piece." This seems to be a negro's idea of a small fortune.—Green Briar Springs (Va.) Correspondence of the Baltimore Gazette.

Vallandigham recently made a speech at Delaware, Ohio. A very proper place for him to speak in, considering the defiant character of his remarks.

The special bad odor of our government: the nickel (+) cent!

Useful and Curious.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

BY JOHN G. BAKER.

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And civilly answered, "No!"

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"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
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"No!" pronounced wise, is the German for No.

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The student was puzzled; he rubbed his head a moment as if to brighten his ideas, and then responded: "Well, it's my opinion as a professional man, that he ought to be made to support the child!"

Jim Giles was considered a hard case, but during a time of revival became converted from his evil ways and an enthusiastic exhorter and an active member of the church. In progress of time Jim was tempted to a few drinks of that which had been his favorite beverage, and true to his habit wended his way to the conference meeting. A favorable opportunity occurring, Jim favored his brethren with the following exhortation: "Brethren, I've been thinking of that beautiful scriptural passage which says, 'If you only have faith like a mountain, you can tip over a mustard seed—hic—most any time.'"

The patient of a "root and herb" medicine got the following prescription from him for a bad cold: "Patcher get in hot water, getobed and drink a pint hot." The patient brought the enigma to us in despair. "I can make out the first part well enough," he said. "Put your feet in hot water, go to bed, and drink a pint—that is plain enough. But what is lost?" We were embarrassed at first, but a happy inspiration struck us. L—o—t, all—double o—tes—al—der—lo—pation. And that turned out to be the explanation.

A lady at the White Mountains finding, to her grief and amazement, that her aged father, had become quite a proficient in swearing, wrote to his father on the subject. The latter therefore, sent a very good and sensible letter to the little boy, telling him he had heard from a little bird that his boy had used bad language, and warning him of the consequences. When the four-year-old heard the letter read, his immediate comment was:—"Well, I think that little bird was a d—d fool!"

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Base ball is raging fearfully throughout the oil region, sparing neither age nor condition. We eat base ball, talk it, and act it. The other night one of the deacons of a church in Franklin, winding up a petition to the throne of Grace, said: "Oh, Lord, as we start for a home run to glory, don't let us by the devil be caught out on a fly!"

During the Black Hawk war one Major P., feeling not exactly posted respecting the enemy, sought information of one of his brother officers in this wise: "Cap'n, which of the Injuns are the most savage, the hostile ones or them that go on foot?"

The Fun of the Thing.

FOR THE FARMER.

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